





N 2022

Wm. H. Hoback.

Hudson
New York.

Wm. H. Clark.
Hudson.
2

Moods in Common Time.

Moods in Triple Time.

Adagio. Slow. Largo. Grave. Allegro. Quick. Exalted Mood. Slow. Grave Quick.

d u *d u* *d u* *d u* *d d u* *d d u* *d d u*

Natural Gamuts.

Sharp Gamuts.

Tenor

Fa sol La sol La Fa mi Fa. sol. La Fa sol La. Fa. sol. La mi Fa sol La sol. La mi Fa.

C. D. E. F. G. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. A.

C. D. E. F. G. A. B. C. D. E. F. G.

Bass

Sol. La mi. Fa. sol. La Fa sol La mi Fa. Fa. sol. La, Fa. sol La mi. Fa. sol. La. Fa. sol.

G. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. A. B. C

G. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. A. B. C. D.

John

The Names and Measures of the Notes and their Rests.

Notes	Semibreve	Minum	Crotchett	Quaver	Sem: Quaver	Demisemiquaver
rests						

Characters used in Music.

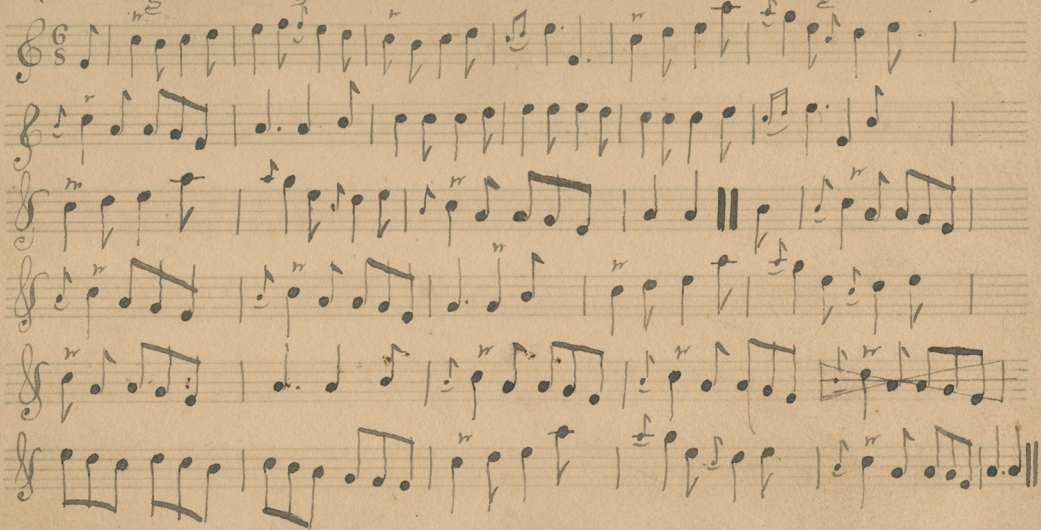
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Flat	Sharp	Natural	Direct	Hold	Single Bar	Dble Bar	Repeats	Trill

10	11	12	13	14	15
Slur	Trill	Bass or F. Clef	Treble or G. Clef	Tenor or C. Clef	Close

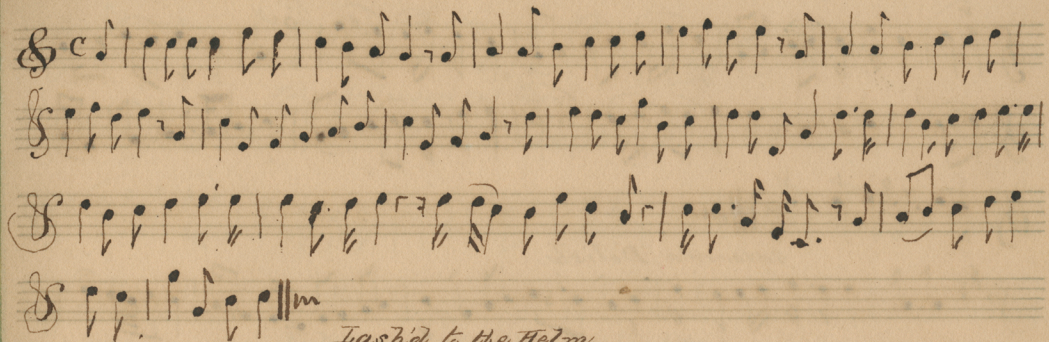


Sen' Riogh a'tha aguin is fear Ann.

6
"Wha'll be King but Charley."

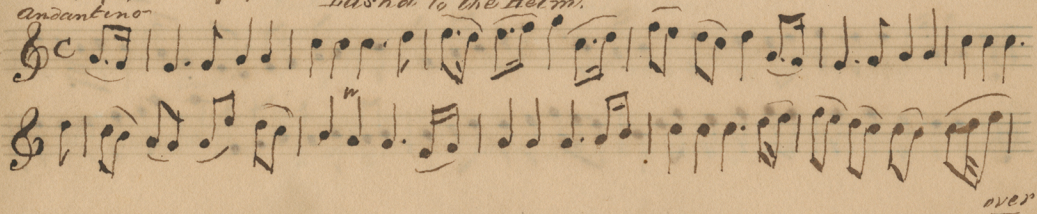


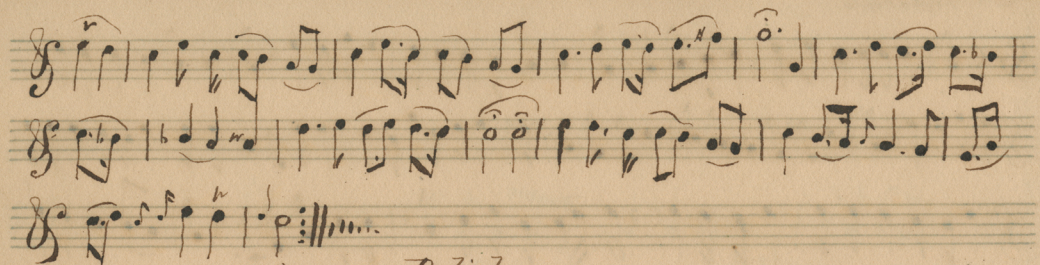
allegro Moderato



Andantino

March to the Helm.



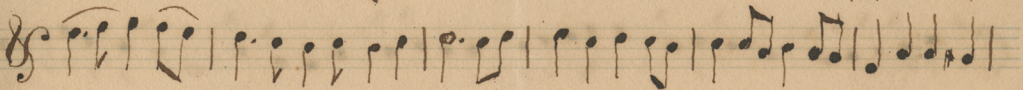
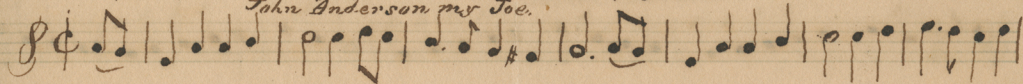


Savanna Delish.



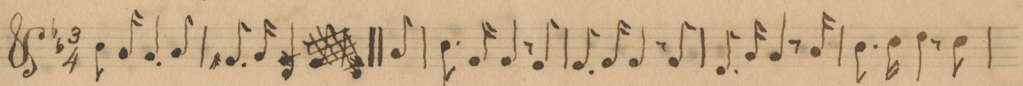
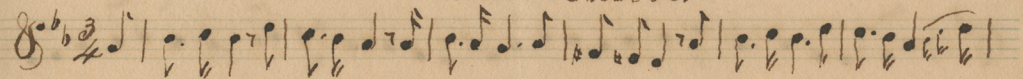


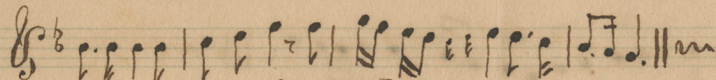
John Anderson my Joe.



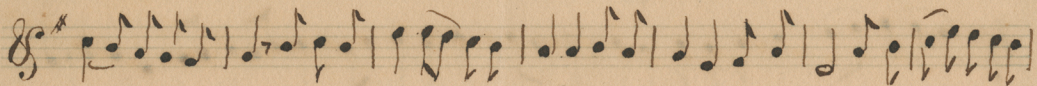
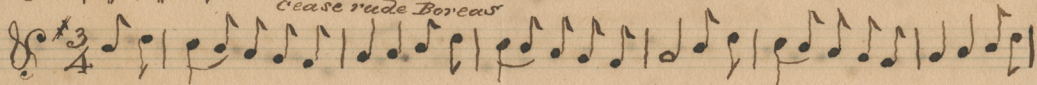
Ad. ||m

Tak' your auld shawl about ye.

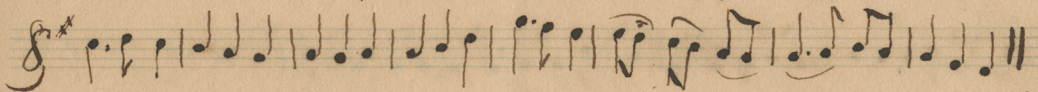
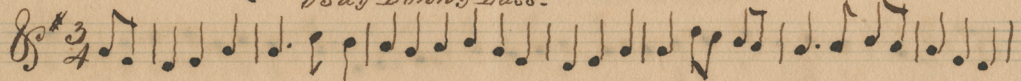




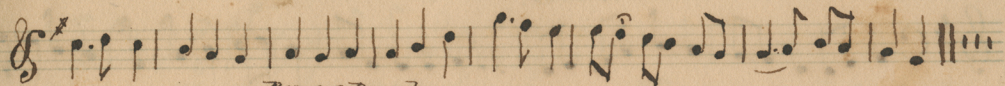
Cease rude Boreas



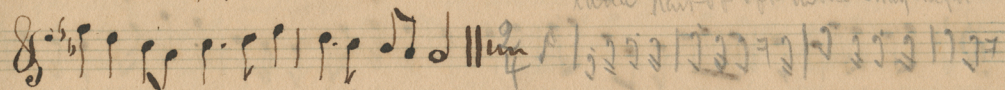
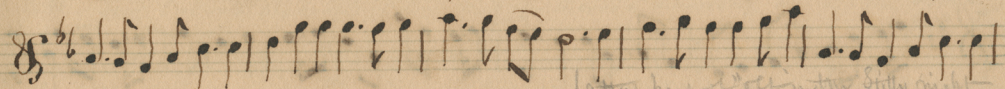
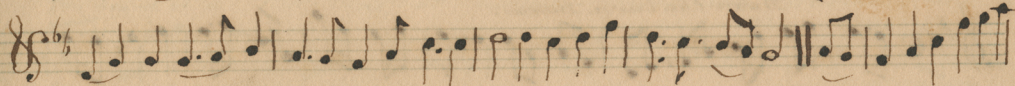
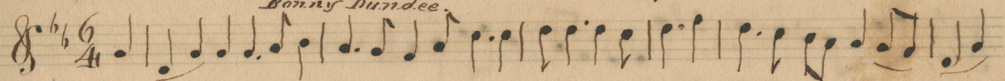
O Say Bonny Lass.



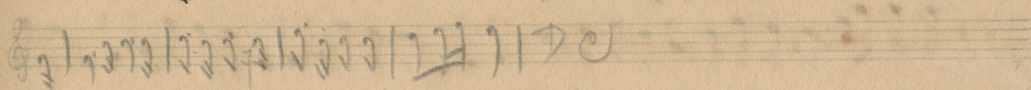
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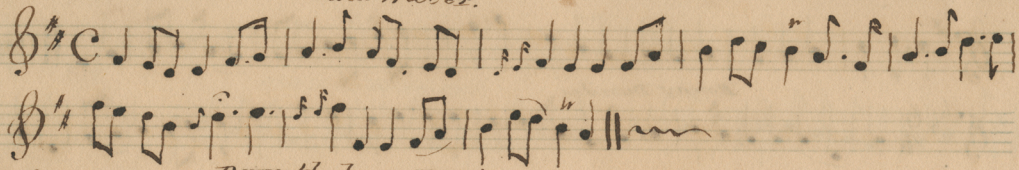
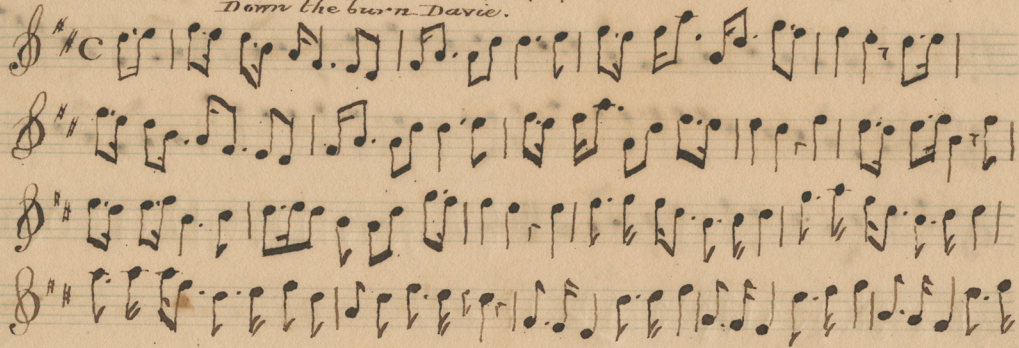


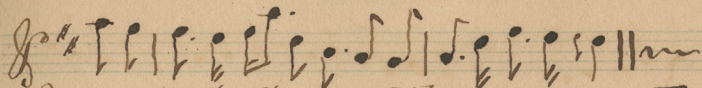
Bonny Dundee.



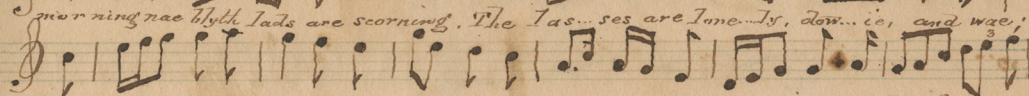
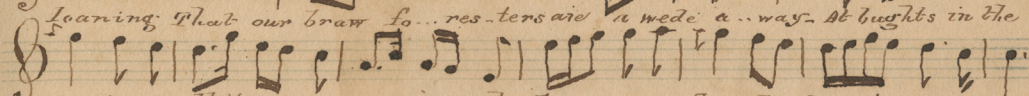
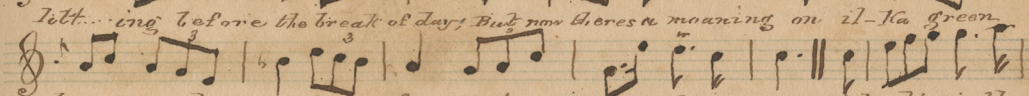
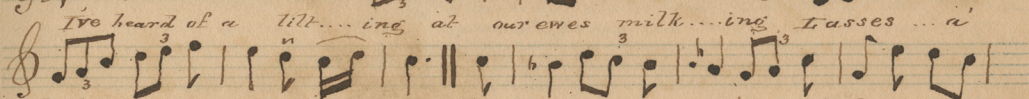
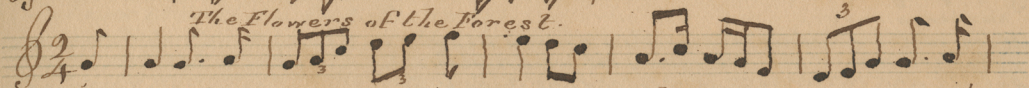
latter half of 'Optimism' pretty night



Gala Water.*Down the burn Davie.**Contd.*

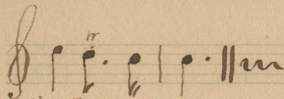


The Flowers of the Forest.



Nae daft...fin nae gahlin, but sigh...ing and sahhing ith ane lifts her leg...lin, and

over



lies her a...way. -

1

At e'en at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
 Mangst stacks, with the lasses fat hogle to play,
 But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary.

The flowers of the forest that are wede away,
 At harst, at the sheering, nae younkers are jeering,
 The han'sters are runkted, lyart and grey;

At fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away..

2

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border!

The English, for ance, by guile o' at the day;
 The fowers of the forest, that ay shone the foremost,
 The prime of our land, lies cauld in the clay.

Well hear nae mair tilking at our ewes milking,
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighing and moaning on ilk green loaning,
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away. -



Modern Version.

1

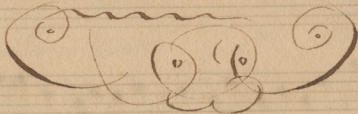
I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling;
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
 Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
 But now it is fled - fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
 So bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
 But now they are withered and weeded away.

2

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning
 And loud tempests storming before the mid day;
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny beam's,
 Grow drumly and dark as they rolled on their way.
 O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?
 O why perplex us poor sons of a day?

Nae mair Your smiles can cheer me, nae mair Your frowns can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forest are withered away.



N' dean u ruith air falbh lean

"Will you run awa wi' me"



Dreismuach dair.

"Highland road to Inverness"



Cont'd



Duncan Macqueen - Strathspey.



Miss Graham of Inchbrackies

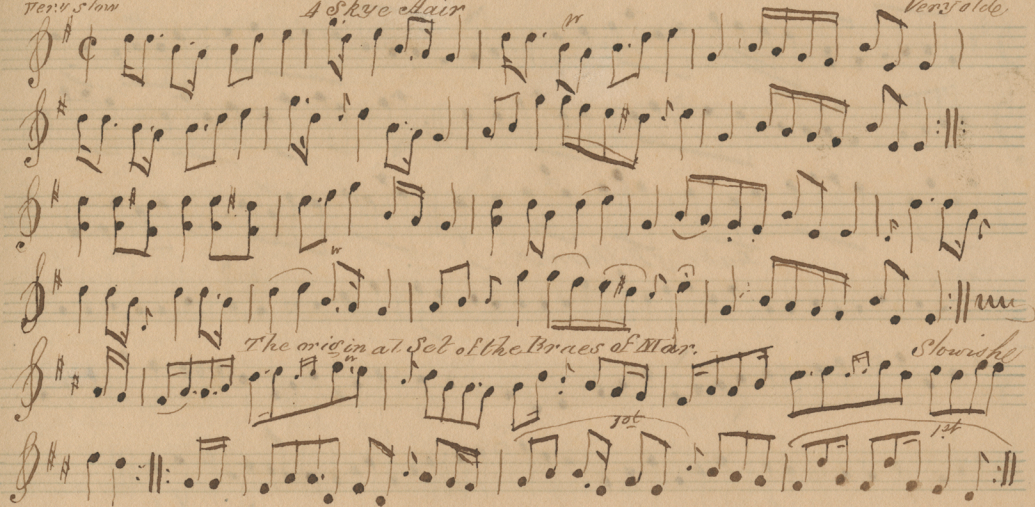
strathspey



Lassie wi' the Yellow Coobie

brut



*Very slow**A Skye Air**Very slow**over*

Dances of Man corn?*Allegretto*
6/4*Lake of Killarney.*

From the Land of our Sires see the valiant come forth,
From the Plains of old Scotland the pride of the North
And up though away from the Dark roaring main.
Can't think of our dear native mountains again.
They come not with trumpet, they come not with drum,
In the fond ties of friendship our brothers they come.
And though far and wide the ocean may roar.
The Pilgrims shall rest when their journey is o'er.
They come from the banks of the Spey & the Dee,
Where the Heather is red and the thistle waves free.
Where the Drumrose grows wild, and the birch is in bloom;
No where the dark forests of Canada grow.
They come from the braes of the Forth and the Firth.
With age in its night and youth in its morn.
And soft blooming maids all lovely to see
The joy of the brave and the pride of the free.
They come now as strangers, but strangers no more
A welcome will give them as we got before
We'll banish their sorrow if they should repine.
When they think of the "Scotland O' Bonny langsyne."
Our home shall be theirs and the wood pine shall burn
To warm and to welcome the travellers that mourn.
And though different the air and the landscape around
O' his home, O' his country where kindness is found.

S. J. H. H.

ONHY LEFT I MY HAME.

O' why left I my hame?
 Why did I cross the deep,
 O' why left I the land
 Where my forefather's sleep.
 I sigh for Scotland's shore,
 And I gaze across the sea,
 But I canna get a blink,
 O my ain countrie.
 The palm tree wavech high,
 And fair the marble springs,
 And to the Indian maid,
 The hut hut sweetly sings
 But I dinna see the broom,
 Or its tassels on the sea,
 Nor hear the tinkles song,
 O my ain countrie.

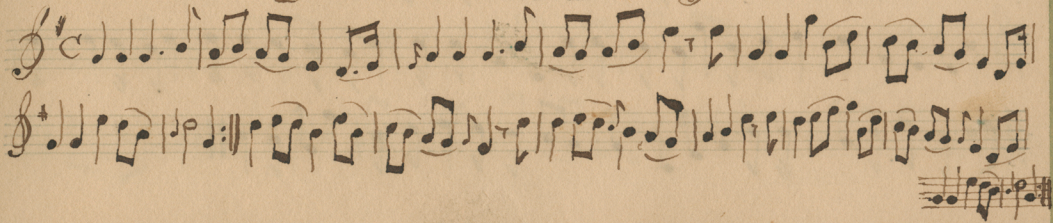
O' how nae sabbath bell,
 Awakes the sabbath morn,
 For song of reaper heard
 Among the yellow corn.
 But the tyrant's voice is here,
 And the wail of Slaverie,
 But the sun of freedom shines,
 In my ain countrie.
 There's a hope for every woe,
 And a palm for every pain,
 But the first joys o' our heart,
 Come never back again.
 There's a path across the deep,
 And a track upon the sea,
 But the weary neer return,
 To their ain countrie.

Scotias hills for me. — 4

Others are not my country's hills
 For they look bright & fair
 The flowers deck their verdant sides
 The heather blooms not there.
 But O give me the rocky steep
 The wild deer bounding free
 The healthy glens the ravine deep
 O Scotias hills for me.
 The rose o'g all this garden land
 May shed a rich perfume,
 Yet rather would I wander mang'
 My Country's bonny loom.

There sings the plowboy on the plain
 The milkmaid o'er the lea,
 There dwell, my plithsome mountain maids,
 O Scotias hills for me
 The sun upon the Southern hills
 May shed more glowing rays
 But I love man's milder beam,
 That shines on Scotias braes
 They & cottage dear romantic land
 O' fear, I part from thee
 We neer forget thy charming lays
 O Scotias hills for me.

Kind Robin loves me. —

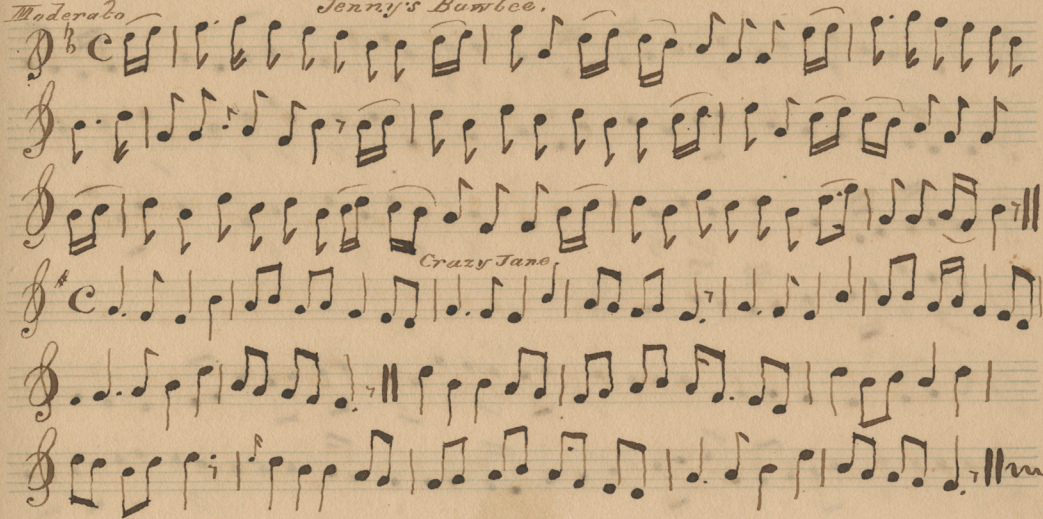


The maid that tends the goats.

Slow

And

allegro Moderato. — *Hearts of Oak.*

*Moderato**Jenny's Bawlee.*

The Collage on the Moor.



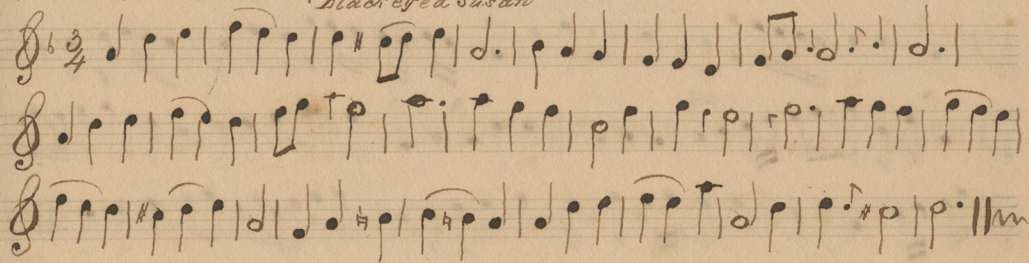
Andantino

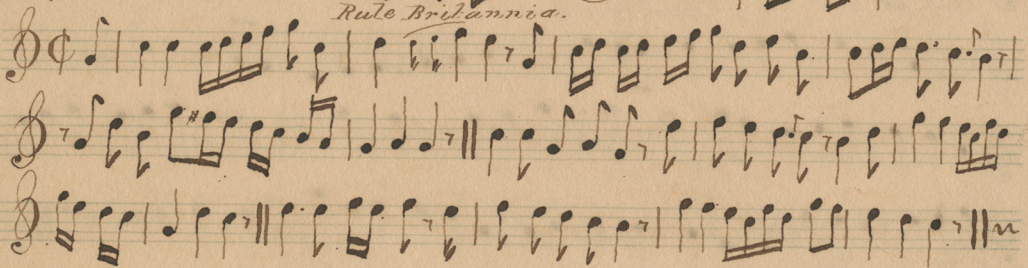
Lash'd to the helm.

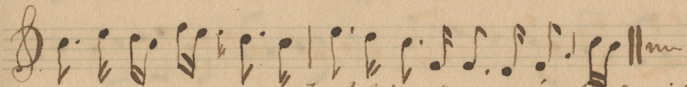
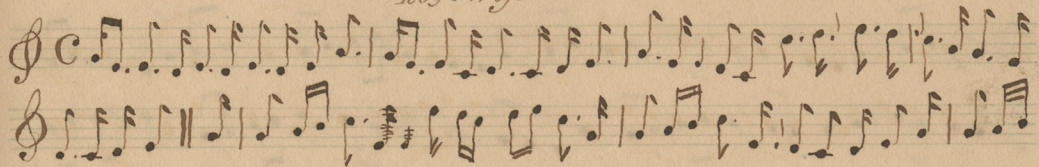
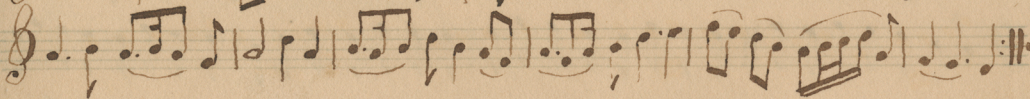
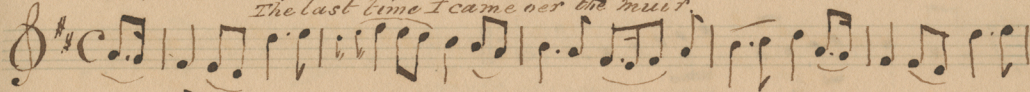


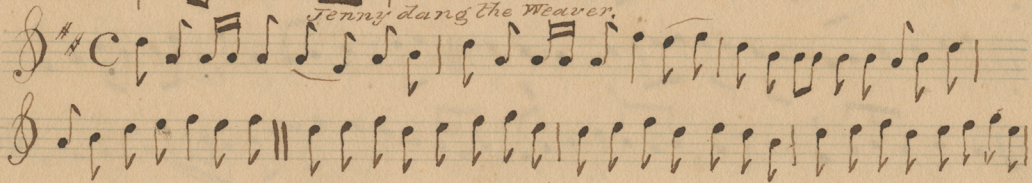


Black-eyed Susan



The Lass of Pabres Mill.*Rule Britannia.*

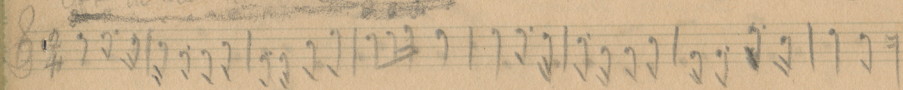
Roy's Wife.*The last time I came o'er the muir.*

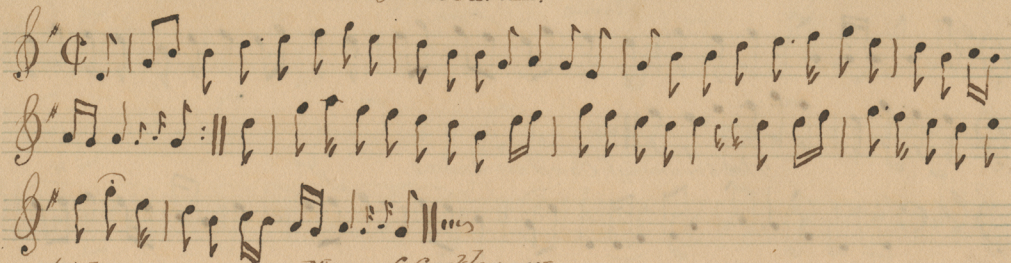
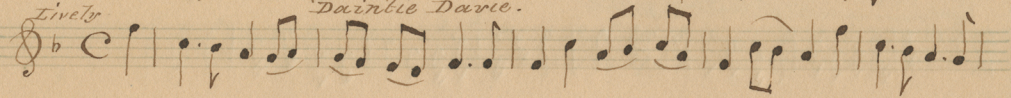
Tweed Side.*Jenny sang the Weaver.**cont'd*

Chorus



The broom of Cowden knows.



Jackys Return.*Plaintive**Mary of Castle Cary.**Lively**Daintie Davie.**Contd.*

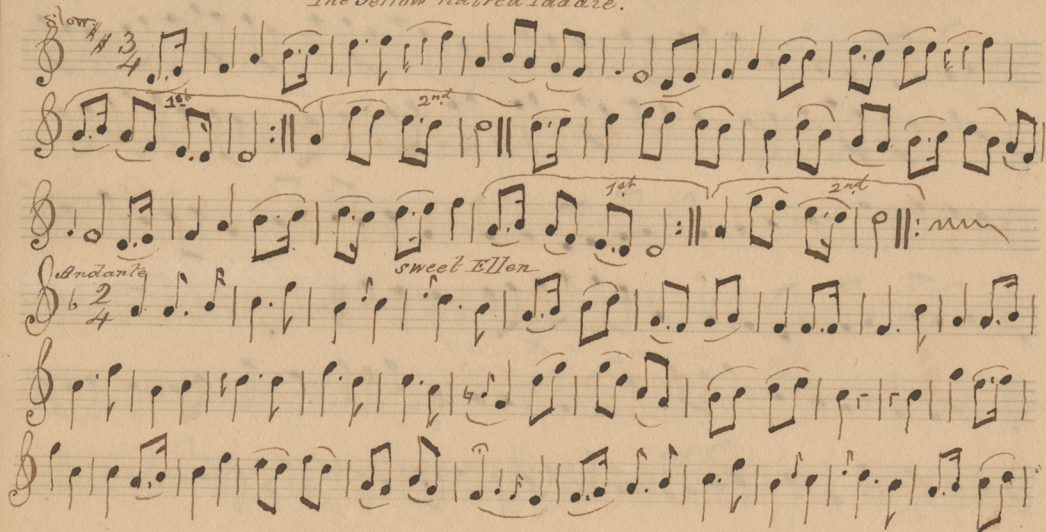
Handwritten musical score for a chorus, consisting of four staves of music in a single system. The notation is in a single melodic line across the staves, featuring various note values including minims, crotchets, and quavers, along with rests and repeat signs. The word "Chorus" is written above the third staff.

Chorus

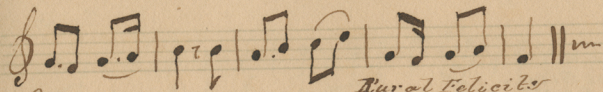
Handwritten musical score for "The Loughs Marion", consisting of two staves of music in a single system. The notation is in a single melodic line across the staves, featuring various note values including minims, crotchets, and quavers, along with rests and repeat signs. The title "The Loughs Marion" is written above the first staff.

The Loughs Marion.

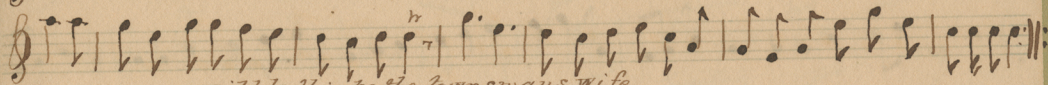
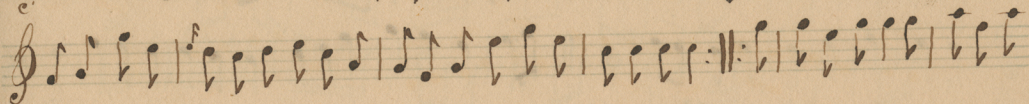
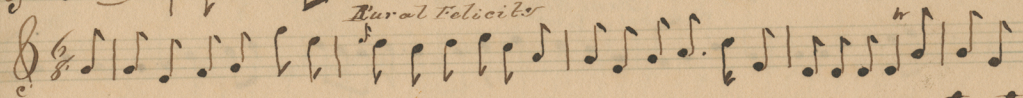
The Yellow haired Laddie.



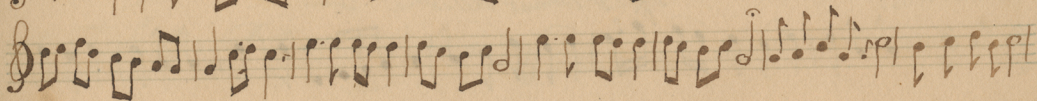
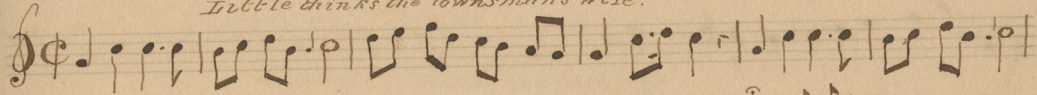
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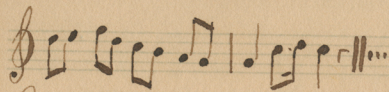
Rural Felicity



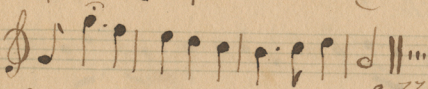
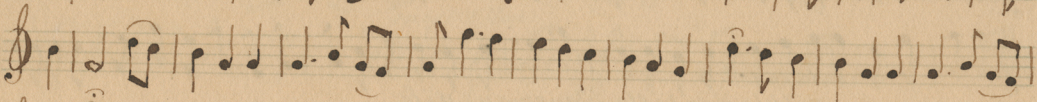
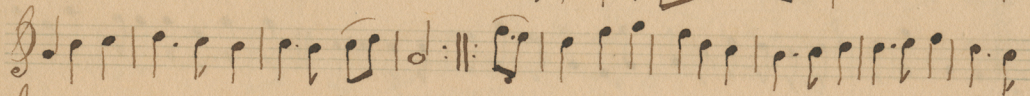
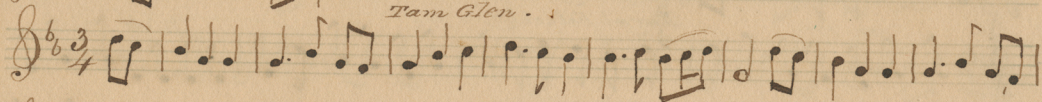
Little thinks the townsman's wife.



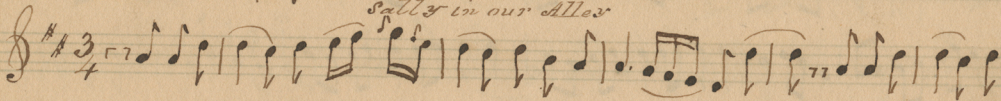
over



Tam Glen . 4



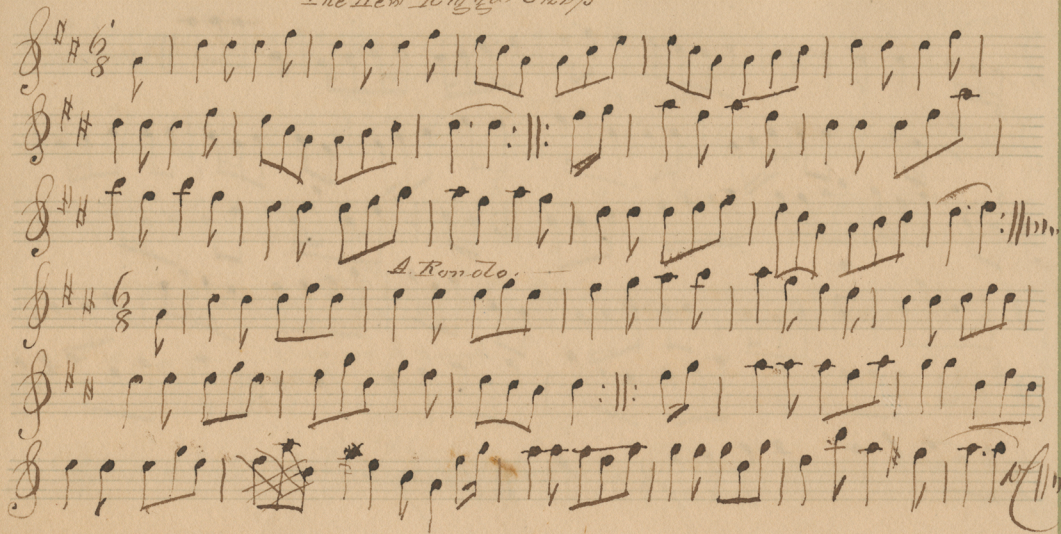
Sally in our Alley

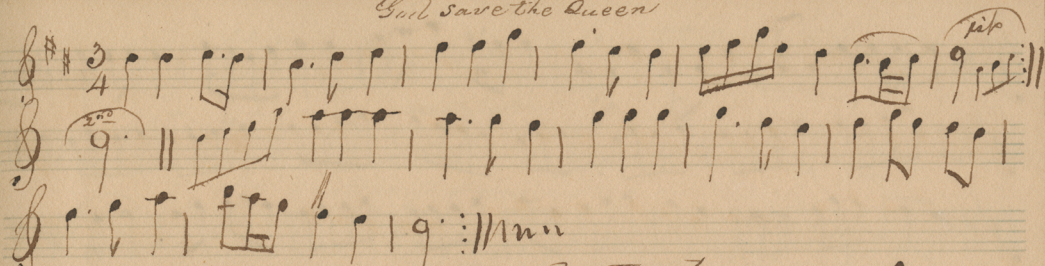


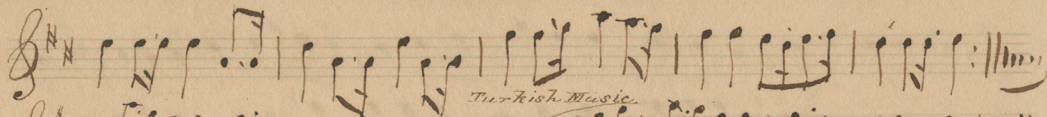
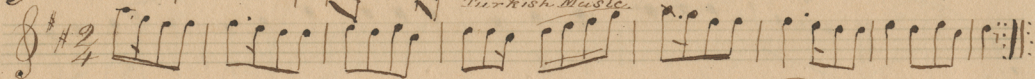
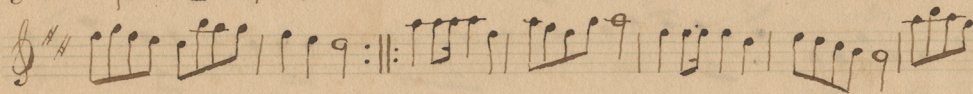
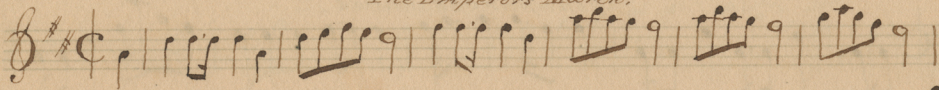
con B.

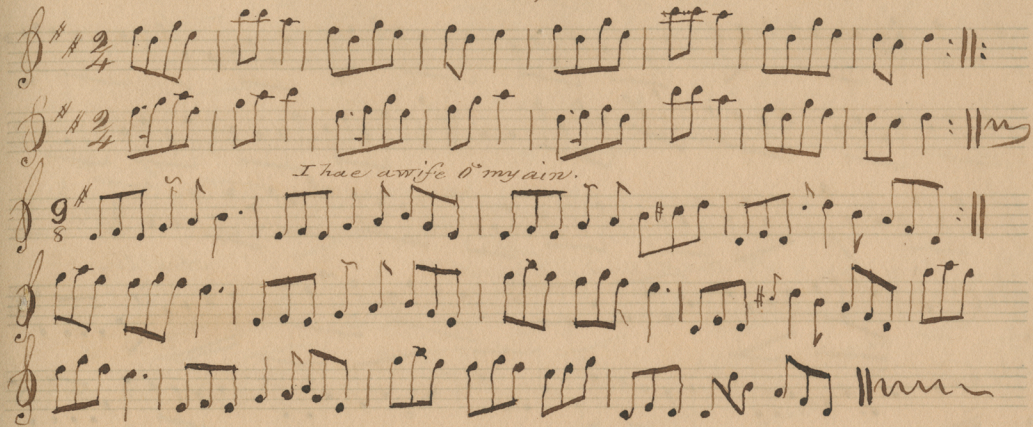
Handwritten musical score on six staves, featuring various musical notations and lyrics.

The first staff begins with the tempo marking *Allegro*. The second staff is marked *2/4* and includes the title *White Cockade*. The fifth staff contains the lyric *Drink to me only*. The sixth staff concludes with the phrase *De capo*.

The New Ringed Ship

God Save the Queen*Bonapartes March.**cont'd*

*Turkish Music.**The Emperors March.*

A Quick Step.

*Gullin du
Cello*



*My Ain Kind Dearie.**Reel.**Mrs Johnstons Reel.*

Polkiermarchus Rant.

Strathspey —

Balquithen

Slow & Tender



Lord MacDonald's Reel.

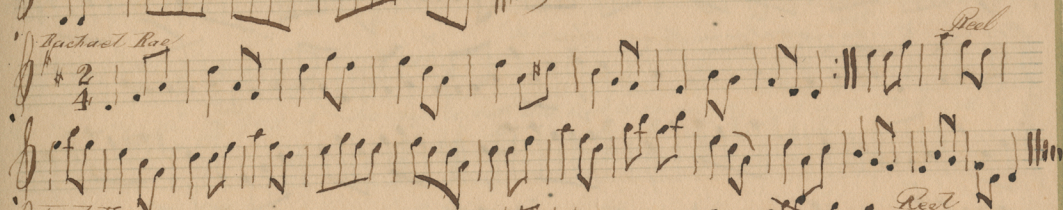
Handwritten musical notation for Lord MacDonald's Reel, consisting of six staves of music in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The notation includes various note values, rests, and repeat signs. A small '8' is written above the first staff, and another '8' is written above the fifth staff.

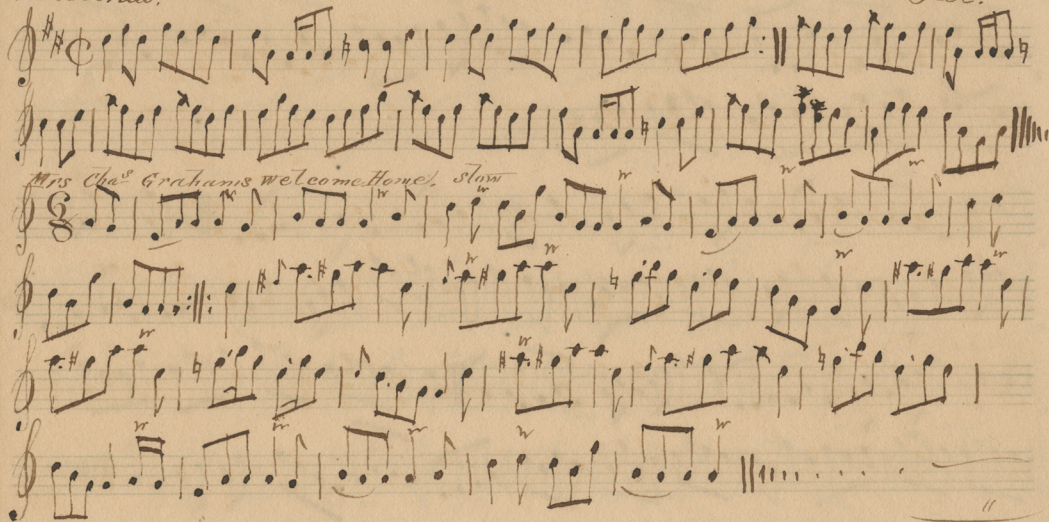
Lady London

Strathspey

Handwritten musical notation for Lady London, consisting of one staff of music in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The notation includes various note values and rests.

Conc.



*Please Straw.**Rec'd.*

Der Bursch Von Aechtem Schrot Und Korn. — Melody I. —

Solo. *Tutti*

The German Bursch of ge-nu-ine cut, A - ro-ving boy is - va, val-le-ri! A

Solo

ro-ving boy is he. val-le-ri! His boot is spurred &, and on his hat - A

Tutti

Wav-ing plume you see, val-le-ri, A wav-ing plume you see.

The German Bursch, of genuine Cut,
A roving boy is he; well spared, and on his hat
His boots well spured, and on his hat
The plume waves merrily.

II.
Upon his swashing that he wears
The Colours of his Clan;
And whoso scolds his Colours, dares
The spirit of a man.

III.
The German Bursch, when he goes,
He wears the Bursching Pride;
The brand that swings against all foes
In terror from his side.

IV.
His Henry too sings merrily,
While through the street he goes,
And from his heel in majesty,
The shower of fire he sows.

V.
What though his elbow bare you spy?
What though he isn't apparell'd?
He's still the roving, roystering boy,
The Bursch whom all revere.

VI.
What pig pounce may cross his way,
What prim and perfumed beau—
Beware lest with his stick he lay,
Thy point and popen loo.

For friends his honest hunt boot warm—

A grunt in need is he.

For friends he wields his brawny arm,
And faces death with glee.

VIII.
Whoever saw him turn and flee
From battle of the brave?
The Bursch will scorn the King's song see,
That buys a traitor knave. —

He thunders through the battle shock;
His shining sword he shuns;
And stoke on stroke, he drives like smoke
The blank Conquered foe.

Cheerily he meets the evil day;
He fears not threat nor ban;
He fronts the host of hell, and they
Retreat before a Man.

And when the King of Hermann's father
His German blood doth burn;
By worthy, German, of the name
That made proud Caesar mourn!.

And while the Rhensch Captive burns,
A German soul feels her,
A giant's strength th' traps in his veins -
The German Bunch is free! -

And while he feels the weight of woes,
He battles his pipe so sure;
And as the knaster games and glory,
He presses away dull care.

The German Bunch lives suns fagon;
Though You may think him rude,
It's but the bark the free puts on
I trust ere his heart is good.

He wishes to all mounds no gay
Long life and happy days; nay,
He prizes ^{er} them in every lay,
As much as the Campfire.

over

XVI. /
He praises every German man
Who speaks the truth he feels;
And may he know the Divin' ban.
Who glazes or conceals

XVII.
Now all the mugs are empty, boys,
The flingers all are still;
Then let us crown thy cup, brave boys,
To Bursed and Burschen's rule

XVIII.
Now pour the merry Bursches' blood
Into the empty Can!
Drink to our noble brotherhood
Drink every man his Can

XIX.
I — is my fatherland
The ribbon*** I wear;
I will defend it sword in hand,
Blaspheme the name who dare.

Our next specimen comes over with
Brilliant Burschikosity; and the
beer-bottle lends it over the three
Faculties with unequalled
Sway.

Auf Brueder! 'Lasst uns lustig' Leben!

Melody II.

Proces

unis

chor.

Proes

3/4

Come Breth- ren now for mirth & Jaug-ter! Vi- val-ter-at-ter-at-ter a sing

3/4

Chor.

tray

till loud e-cho shake the raster! ~~ff~~ - val-ter-at-ter-at-ter a; with beer, ta-

3/4

ff

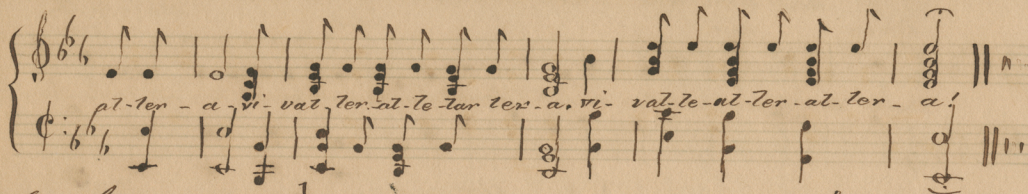
Chor.

- back, and not with wines the German re-vel cheerly Jauw Vi- val-ter-at-ten

3/4

f

over



1
Come, brethren now for mirth & laughter
Vivallerallerallera!
Sing till loud echo shake the rafters
Vivallerallerallera!
With beer to sack and not with wine,
The German revel cheerily join
Vivallerallerallera! Vivallerallerallera!!
Vivallerallerallera

2
Away dull law, and lawyers whangling
Vivallerallerallera!
Away vain theologic jangling!
Vivallerallerallera!
Dull Medicines priests that flee the day -
Ye hags! Ye ghosts of truth away -
Vivallerallerallera! Ye

3
A wise man will not always study
Vivallerallerallera!
The eye grows dim the brain grows }
Vivallerallerallera! } muddy
One must be merry now & then
Come fill your jugs & drink like men.
Vivallerallerallera - Vivallerallerallera
Vivallerallerallera

4
Fill to the maid whom thy heart }
Vivallerallerallera } chooses
A glass to all that love the Muses!
Vivallerallerallera!
To Fatherland's her rights uphold,
Gaiest Gallie guide & English Gold
Vivallerallerallera!.

Gaudiamus *Epitaph.*

Melody III.

Andante

Gau-de-a-mus, Bens-Chen brave! Gau-de-a-mus while we may! when bright

YOUTH no more JOY is, When dull age no more merris, we shall sleep be-

-neath the Clay- We shall sleep beneath the Clay.

Landlady, Burial-house Grave,
 Gaudes my while we may;

When bright Youth no more joys is,
 We shall sleep beneath the clay

II

Where be they who lived of Yore,
 Greeting as we greet the clay?

Ask Great Jove, on throne Imperial -
 Put to us K, in caves infernal -
 Where be they? O, here be they.

III

That is life; how fleet the years!
 Fortune come more fleet with storm,
 When the States command no fighting,
 Least expected, most unfitting,
 Old and Young must wallow below.

IV

Then hark to the University!
 It'll a bright eye brimming o'er!
 Here's to all the learned Professors,
 Chancellors, Rectors and Assessors,
 May they flourish evermore.

V

Here's to maidens fair and frank!
 Pour the bright wine, freely pour!
 Here's to matrons, easy, cheerful,
 Mothers Lord, and housewifely careful!
 We're to Father, We're to store

VI

Here's to Freedom! hedy name!
German! Freedom! Fatherland!
Here's to the man whose blood is up high,
Here's to the Bursch who crowns his cap,
For his German Fatherland! high!

~~VII.~~
Here's to all the Good and Great!
Every rank, and every class;
Here's to every true Meccenas
Shielding poets sowing seeds
To the proud peak of Parnass!

~~VIII.~~
Perish hate and gloomy looks!
Perish all who flame the Bursch!
Perish the Ancient old black Devil!
Perish each base thought un-civil
To the North name of Bursch!

Song:

Ye Ken na Gove been born yet.

~ ~ ~
 Vixen at gray o' Gloomin —

The sweetest how o' a' to me —

Wat Ye where Gove so amen?

Wat Ye wha' forgotenul wi's?

O lassie, lassie! Gin Ye neen

Wi' some kind wisome laddie met,

'Neath the stan o' aen' mung the brigs o' me

Ye Ken na Gove been born yet! }
 Green,

Altho wee beil cauv'd its snout darg;

The daisy shut its drowsy ee —

But his woe's their warblers a'dang,

His Horn was what nae flowers }
 might be!

O cluckless lassie! Gin Ye neen

Wi' some kind wisome laddie met,

'Neath the stan o' een', 'mung the brigs

Ye Ken na Gove been born yet! }
 Saer green

Get wha will seek the Gay town,

Wi' a' its flauntin' show and glee,

Let wha' will dance the night down,

'Mung fops that fancy a' they see,

But lerin' lassie! Gin Ye neen

Alane wi' ae leal laddie met,

'Neath the stan' e'en' mung the brigs

Ye Ken na Gove been born yet! }
 Saer green

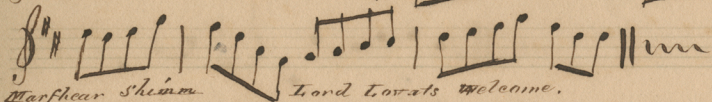
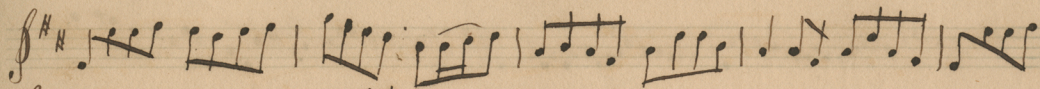
The late Robt. Finsen —

*Miss Drummond of Perth.**Strathspey. —**Braigh Dhan'k.**The highlands of Bunk's here.*

Jeany Deans.

Strathspey.

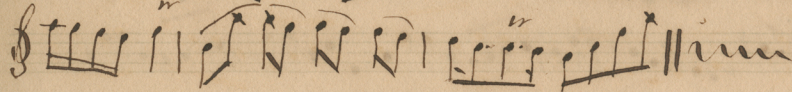
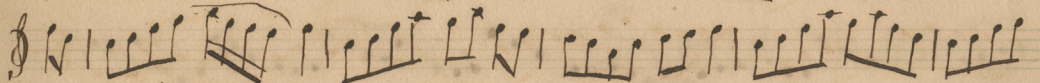
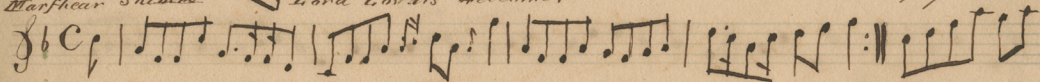
Handwritten musical score on six staves. The first four staves are for the piece 'Jeany Deans', which is a Strathspey. The notation includes treble clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The fifth staff begins the piece 'Laird of Dumbiedikes', which is a Reel. This section also uses a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The notation continues with similar note values and rests. The sixth staff concludes the piece. The manuscript is written in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper with green horizontal ruling lines.



Marfhear Shinn

Lord Lovats welcome.

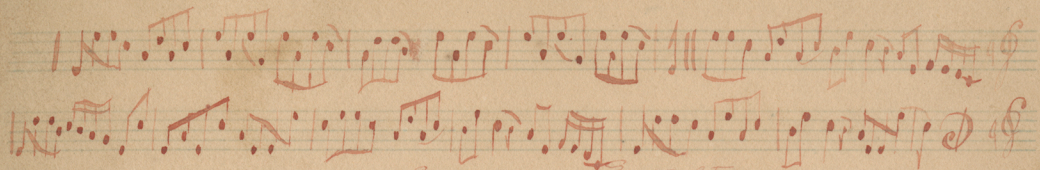
Strathspey



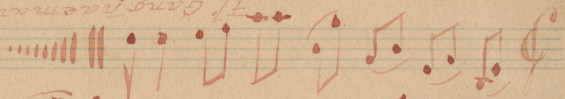
continued

Go to Bonwick John

The rock and the wee pottle Inn



Handwritten text, possibly a title or subtitle, written in red ink and oriented upside down.



Handwritten text, possibly a title or subtitle, written in red ink and oriented upside down.

Wm. H. Davis

My dear
Friend

EX
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